

## Indistinguishable from Magic by Luddleston

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**Summary:**

*“My other relaxation methods are not exactly something I would engage in with you here unless you wanted to get quite personal.”*

*“So that means it’s either something you find deeply embarrassing, or you’re telling me to leave so you can get off.”*

Caitlyn intends to work all night, but Vi attempts to get her to relax before they address the Council in the morning. She finds herself getting a little more *involved* than originally intended, and learns a whole lot about a very specific class of Piltover technological improvements.

## Indistinguishable from Magic

### Author's Note:

I said I was gonna jump into fic for this fandom smut-first AND I DID.

Anyway, the first thing I said upon seeing grown-up Vi was 'FUCK ME' so then this happened. Voila?

I don't think it would ACTUALLY be possible to have cordless vibrators via hextech without the Core but I dunno? Maybe they invented batteries? Just roll with it.

While Caitlyn thought, she flicked her pistol around her finger, rotating it by the trigger guard, methodical, absent minded.

As soon as she and Vi had escaped the interrogations of Kirammmans, Senior, Caitlyn had retrieved the gun stashed in the armoire on the left side of her enormous bed. She'd traded her other one for Vi's life.

At the time, Vi thought she owed her one for that. But there were probably a dozen like it in this gilt manor.

They sat before the spread of Caitlyn's maps and papers all over the floor, the pool of notes growing ever wider like the map was bleeding out. She was writing and rewriting an address to give the Council. Vi was basically useless, here, watching Caitlyn cite old council minutes and consider profiles of each of the hot-shit-y assholes who sat in those seven chairs. Politics had never been her forte.

Eventually, Caitlyn started looking worse for wear. Vi actually thought she might relax, back when they were lying on the bed together, two half circles curling toward each other. But then she'd gotten up and started doing all this, and she wasn't slowing down.

Her eyes were bloodshot, her hair was hanging in limp strings around her face. There were hard lines on either side of her mouth. She looked

exhausted. She had stayed up all last night watching over Vi, making sure she didn't bleed out and then going after a solution when that wasn't an option. She was worn out but the adrenaline kept her chugging along past when a normal person who had not been through as many firefights per day as the two of them had would pass out.

"We should get some rest," Vi said.

"What?" It came out a little squawked. *Wot?*

"Rest. Now. C'mon—are we sharing or are you putting me up in one of the like, a thousand rooms in this place?"

Caitlyn's head lifted at this. Her mouth fell open, and she squinted, that sort of indignant look she got when she was about to tell Vi where to shove it, but in words with a lot more syllables that sounded extra condescending in that posh little accent of hers.

"You can rest. You're the one who's been stabbed."

"And you look like you're about to faceplant into the north end of Piltover. At least do something other than this—what do you do to relax?"

"Shoot things," Caitlyn said, which did not surprise Vi. "Which I obviously cannot do at this hour." She spun the pistol again, dexterous fingers twisting it.

Vi, who punched things to relax, thought she was in good company. "Anything else? Sleep, maybe? Or has topside evolved past that?"

"That's an insane stereotype."

"It's sarcasm, cupcake." It was supposed to be a joke, but it came out flat. Hell, Vi needed some way to relax. If she tried to go to sleep she'd wake up seeing Powder—seeing what Powder had turned into. "Do you drink tea? You seem like a tea person." Coffee was more common down below. To stave off the hangovers.

“My other relaxation methods are not exactly something I would engage in with you here unless you wanted to get quite personal.” It was mumbled like she didn’t seem to know what she was saying. She was staring at the map again.

“So that means it’s either something you find deeply embarrassing, or you’re telling me to leave so you can get off.”

“What, no.” A pale pink flush spread over Caitlyn’s cheekbones.

“You’re telling me to stay while you get off?”

“No.” That flush only darkened. In all her days, Vi had never seen an Enforcer blush.

“Shame. Would’ve liked to see that.” This, at least, was distracting. Couldn’t think about the myriad ways she’d failed her sister, couldn’t think about whether Ekko made it out—no, there was nothing in her brain except Caitlyn’s pretty little face screwed up with embarrassment. This was just how she’d looked when Vi dragged her to the pleasure house.

“I—you can’t just—at least *kiss me* first, you imbecile. Do you have any idea how to treat a lady?”

Whoa. What.

“You... want that?”

“How exactly am I to deny it now?” Caitlyn flicked her gun again but screwed it up this time, sent it clattering onto the floor. “Shit.”

It left a scratch on the marble floor, and as Vi looked around, she noticed that there were dozens of others like it. This room was a conglomeration of evidence that Caitlyn had lived here forever: shooting trophies dated 983, hanging ivy and potted plants that were lush and well taken care of. It was also evidence that Caitlyn perhaps did not care for her lavish home: a dozen half-wilted floral arrangements with cards that had all been left unopened, her hat and cloak thrown haphazardly over a folding screen. Scratches on

the marble. An enormous map of Piltover tacked into a carpet which probably cost more than Vi's childhood home.

Caitlyn was fascinating in her anomaly, beautiful in her defiance, and how in the *hell* was Vi supposed to touch her? Stillwater hadn't been brimming with options. Vi had kissed a girl when she was fourteen, back before all this shit, but anything beyond that was also beyond her.

Vi hit hard enough that nobody in Stillwater would dare to put their hands on her.

So, despite being a fissure kid who walked into brothels without blinking an eye and maybe peeked in the private rooms once or twice at too young an age, Vi's net experience with a girl was one sloppy kiss and she wasn't certain she could do any better this time.

She could bullshit, though.

Vi could bullshit until she was up to her ears in crap.

She lay back on Caitlyn's bed, crossing her arms behind her head, and said, "come up here and do something about it, then."

Caitlyn moved so fast she scattered some of her papers.

If Vi was floundering and unsure, Caitlyn was anything but. She positioned herself straddling Vi's thighs, hands planted in the plush mattress on either side of her shoulders.

Caitlyn had taken a shower and come out in sleep clothes, a silky robe in dark purple and a lighter purple nightdress underneath that fell only to her knees. The robe was slipping off one shoulder, revealing that the strap of the dress was thin and she was very clearly not wearing anything beneath it. The front of the neckline dipped down to let Vi see an awful lot of cleavage she should have been expecting but wasn't somehow.

"Look at you. Bright pink. You almost match your hair," Caitlyn said, running her fingers through Vi's uneven, choppy hair in demonstration. It

was still a little damp from her own adventure in trying to figure out that insane shower tap. “For all your strength and bravado, you have no earthly idea what you are doing, do you?”

“Well, yeah. Didn’t wanna be anybody’s prison wife.”

Caitlyn flinched. How in the world someone this good-hearted was an Enforcer, Vi would never understand. “Of course you didn’t,” she said. “Are you... at all comfortable with being touched?”

“I’m not,” Vi admitted. “Not comfortable with getting my ass rescued twice in one day by someone I’ve just met, either, but I don’t mind if it’s you.”

“Vi—“ here was the hesitation she’d worried about.

“I don’t mind if it’s you.”

Caitlyn kissed her with the same sort of gentleness with which she’d stroked Vi’s cheek while they lay on this bed, hands braced on either side of Vi’s face in the same way she’d held her while she was injured and falling apart. For a moment Vi was frozen, and then she slipped her arms around Caitlyn’s waist, the calluses on her palms catching on the smooth silk of her robe.

Everything about her was soft. Her lips, her clothes, her hair, which draped over Vi’s face, tickling her forehead. There was power that lay beneath that softness, though. Clearly, Enforcer PT had done a lot for Caitlyn, there was well-developed muscle beneath that crisp uniform with all the frills.

Caitlyn kissed her with a little more pressure and Vi started to feel as if she was trapped beneath, so she pushed at Caitlyn, rolling her onto her side.

Caitlyn had no qualms about pulling Vi close, now, putting a leg over hers, licking at her lips until she parted them and then tasting her. She probably just tasted like Caitlyn’s toothpaste—so ridiculously minty it was like candy.

She had offered for Vi to borrow some of her pajamas, which Vi had scoffed at and said, "*you won't catch me dead in floral print.*" This meant she was still fully clothed except for her boots, even though Caitlyn hadn't complained about her wearing them on the bed before.

It meant she was too hot.

Caitlyn was making all these little *noises* and Vi was burning up. She stripped off her jacket and tossed it over the side of the bed, and Caitlyn snagged her as soon as she was free of it, kissing her like she was offended she'd stopped for the four whole seconds it took her to get rid of her outerwear. This positioned Vi over Caitlyn, and when she set down a hand to brace herself she misjudged the distance and *wow* that was *not* Caitlyn's shoulder.

Vi snagged her hand away and Caitlyn dropped her head back onto the pillows.

"You know you *can* touch me," she said.

"Yeah, but your—um."

"You are surprisingly innocent," Caitlyn said. She laughed and it was breathy and kiss-drunk. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips were, too.

Vi couldn't help rolling her eyes. "Listen, I'm just not exactly sure whether you'd be offended by 'tits', yeah?"

In the low evening light, Caitlyn's hair was almost black. Almost *violet*. "I promise you, I've heard everything under the sun at the station."

"Oh, good, I obviously have a filthy fucking mouth. Just tell me where I can touch you."

"That depends." One of Caitlyn's fingers traced Vi's mouth. She would expect a perfect manicure but Caitlyn's nails were blunted short. "How much do you want?"

Literally all of it, thanks.

"Cupcake, you could ask me to shove my face in your cunt right now and I would say 'yeah, just suffocate me'."

Turns out, Vi's particular brand of bullshit made Caitlyn blush even darker. Nice to know.

"Did you mean what you said about me demonstrating my preferred method of relaxation that does not involve target practice?" Caitlyn asked.

*Fuck*, she really was gonna get off in front of Vi?

"Yes."

"Then give me a moment. I need to get something."

Vi didn't know what she needed, but then again, Vi didn't get off a whole lot. Didn't want to get literally caught with her pants down.

Caitlyn slipped out of bed and went for the wardrobe, opening it and digging through the bottom drawer. It was messy, for such a neat room. Vi realized Caitlyn probably did not clean her own room, and the places she was allowed to keep however she wanted were a mess.

She decided that if she thought too much about how *deeply topside* Caitlyn's family was, she would freak herself out, so she spent her time getting mostly-naked instead.

When Caitlyn came back, Vi was in her threadbare, Stillwater-issue shorts and a plain tank top that had more than one hole. And Caitlyn was looking at her like she was the Queen of Noxia or some shit.

She was also holding something Vi was curious about. "What's that for?"

It was in a deep shade of jade green, oblong with one end that was fluted and thinner and one that was thicker. "What does it look like?"

"I mean, it looks like a dildo, but what's that on the middle for?" She was referring to the two buttons on the middle, shaped like triangles, each pointing to the opposite end of the toy.



"The 'on' switch?"

"Oh, so this is some Piltover hextech, huh? Should've known you people use that for this kind of shit." Vi stretched out on the bed, tucking her hand under her cheek and hoping Caitlyn didn't quite catch how she was nearly shivering. She needed Caitlyn to warm her up, that was all.

"Of course, technological improvements are beneficial in many ways," Caitlyn said, with a little smirk that Vi wanted to kiss right off her.

Holy shit, Vi *could* kiss that little smirk right off her.

She pulled Caitlyn in, sinking one hand into her smooth dark hair. As with her silk robe, it caught Vi's calluses.

"Show me these technological improvements of yours," Vi whispered against Caitlyn's lips.

"Hold this." Caitlyn pressed the toy against Vi's chest, then drew her hand back, letting Vi catch it. Whatever it was made of was smooth and sort of soft, even though there wasn't any give to it. Vi had mostly seen them made of wood or glass.

Caitlyn shrugged the robe down her shoulders and dropped it in a pool of violet silk. She went for the hem of her dress, and Vi dropped the toy to the bed, because she very suddenly wanted to be the one doing that.

She tugged Caitlyn's nightdress over her head, the soft fabric ruffling her hair. Caitlyn had to blow at a strand of it that fell across her nose. Vi smoothed it out of her face for her, tucking it behind her ear.

Vi was no stranger to naked bodies, but seeing Caitlyn in nothing but her underwear was *different*. She had expected her to be completely perfect, not a single crack in the facade, but her body was marked with little scars that showed Caitlyn had lived, perhaps not as wild a life as Vi, but she was not the sheltered princess Vi had assumed. Some of them were new, from whatever injury had gotten her all those flowers and get-well cards. Some were old, maybe from training to join the Enforcers or just ordinary

childhood injuries. There were stretch marks lining the sides of her breasts, and Vi wanted to run her tongue over them.

Some of her scars hadn't even closed over yet. Her thigh was bandaged, and though the stitches were holding, they had to be careful. Vi's side was in the same state, it pulled when she turned wrong.

"Come here." Caitlyn lay back against the veritable mountain of pillows at the head of her bed, and Vi sank into them beside her, giving her another kiss, her hand passing down Caitlyn's sternum, to where she was holding the toy Vi had almost forgotten about over her stomach.

"Show me what the hell that 'on switch' does," Vi said.

Caitlyn pressed her thumb to the arrow that pointed toward the thicker end of the toy, and Vi heard a little buzzing start up as the thing started *vibrating*. Well, shit. Maybe there were some benefits to living topside, after all.

Caitlyn positioned herself languidly on her bed, propping one knee up so she could rub the toy against herself, over her underwear, which was the same soft silk Caitlyn seemed to practically be *made of*. It caused a very visible reaction, Caitlyn's head rolling back against the pillows and her hips pushing into the touch. God, it must have felt good.

The way she lay and the way she held the toy pressed her arm against her chest, creating a defined line of cleavage that Vi also found herself wanting to lick. Fuck, she was a whole mess over this girl. She touched instead, feeling the smoothness of Caitlyn's skin, the cord of muscle in her shoulder and bicep as she worked the toy against herself.

"You can touch me more than that, you know," she said, eyes opening to catch Vi's.

"Thought you were showing me how you usually relax? I'm not usually here," Vi said. She made a show of lying with her head propped up on her hand, looking but not touching. She couldn't do both. If she touched Caitlyn, she'd shut her eyes reflexively.

"Then, if this is how I would usually..." She hooked her thumb through the waistband of her underwear and shifted her legs to kick it off. Vi was treated to an uninterrupted view of her body, the only anomaly the jade-green toy which was now working against her bare cunt. She dipped it down, spreading wetness up to her clit, and *god*, she was wet. Vi pressed her own thighs together, feeling her body react. It was all heat.

Caitlyn wasn't even touching her, wasn't even looking at her, her eyes closed and her head tipped against her shoulder. Vi would have thought she wasn't even conscious of the fact that she was being watched, except that she was very softly saying, "Vi."

"Yeah?" Vi asked, not completely sure whether Caitlyn was addressing her or just saying her name.

She wanted to have her eyes on every inch of Caitlyn's body, all at once, which, of course, was not possible unless she wanted to do something ludicrous like *move a few feet away*. Never. Instead, she focused mainly on Caitlyn's face, the pleased flutter of her eyelashes, the way her teeth dug into her lower lip.

Eventually, she fumbled to hit the button on the toy again, and the vibrations pitched louder, more intense. "It does more?" Vi asked.

With the increase in intensity, Caitlyn's noises went up in volume, too, breathy sighs that sounded almost unreal. "It does—*ah*—even more than that."

"Oh?"

Caitlyn gave a ragged little laugh. "Yes, but I'm not going to need more, I think." She was ever-moving, rubbing the toy over herself, but always coming back to her clit, focusing her attention there.

Vi skimmed her fingertips down Caitlyn's stomach, where her muscles bunched as she pushed against the toy.

"Mm. No, you're going to be enough."

“Gonna come for me, doll?”

”*Oh!* Yes, I, I—“ she stopped moving the toy, just held it firm against her clit.

”*Cait*—“

She gave a sharp little cry and completely froze for a second. When she started moving again, it was in little shuddering jolts, rocking against the toy, her free hand scrabbling for Vi, reaching awkwardly over her shoulder to pull her in so Caitlyn could hide her face against Vi’s collarbone.

Vi was still tentative in touching her, stroking her hair and her shoulders down to her waist, hearing Caitlyn’s breathing louder in the absence of noise as she fumbled and clicked off the toy.

When she pulled back, she was giggling. “You’re right, I think I did need that.” The toy lay against her inner thigh, very clearly wet from her still.

“Yeah, um. Wow.” Vi’s own arousal was an unbearable throb low in her belly, heating her from the inside. She only rarely got like this, maybe after a particularly spicy dream, and then her usual recourse was ‘punch a wall until she forgot about it’. This time, she wanted to get off. “You were amazing.”

“I’m talented at what I do.” There was a slip of faux charisma in there, Caitlyn finally comfortable enough to joke with her.

“You’re telling me. I didn’t realize that when I asked you to pretend to work at the pleasure house you actually had qualifications.”

“Other than being hot, you mean?” Caitlyn picked up the toy, twirling it around in her fingers in a remarkably similar motion to how she revolved her pistol around her fingertips. She was holding it with the other, smaller side pointed out this time. “Want to see what this end does?”

“Uh. Yeah. Yes, are you gonna—“

“Use it on you, if you want.”

If she was doing any sort of calculation as to how this was gonna go at all, this did not factor into the equation. *Holy shit.*

“Does it go. In?” She couldn’t help the little strangled click of her throat.

“Yes.”

*”Fuck, agh, yes please.”*

Caitlyn seemed to appreciate that answer, lying alongside Vi and flipping her grip on the toy again. So good with her fingers. She could probably get Vi off with just those, but she’d suggested the toy and now Vi wasn’t gonna stop her.

Vi stripped out of her tank and her shorts, and even though she was less *hot* and more *hot mess* Caitlyn was looking at her with immense lust. She pressed herself so close Vi could smell her. Her leg slipped in between Vi’s and Vi couldn’t help the way she ground down against her. It was only in that smooth slide that Vi realized she was wet.

Caitlyn clicked on the toy again and this time, the vibrations were concentrated at the smaller end. She ran it over Vi’s thigh first, the crease where it met her hip, and it made Vi shiver and twitch. She shifted more fully onto her back, spreading her legs wider so Caitlyn could have at her. Though Caitlyn had just been in this position, it felt immensely vulnerable. Vi was almost afraid.

Almost, but not quite, because she wanted more of that shivery feeling. “Keep going,” she instructed, and the soft, slightly rounded tip of the toy nudged at her cunt, parting her folds and slipping through the wetness there. *”Fuck.”*

The vibration itself was not that intense but Vi was sensitive from lack of touch here before and from Caitlyn’s breath on her cheek and Caitlyn’s voice as she asked, “is this okay?”

When it rubbed against her clit it was like lightning zinging through her, and she made a throaty noise that doubtlessly told Caitlyn yes, it was okay.

She said, "yes," anyway, but it was more of a generalized horny 'yes' than anything.

The angle changed and it pushed against her entrance, feeling like a more clinical sort of probing, here. The noise she made was less than pleased, and Caitlyn stopped, taking the toy away entirely. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, it's just—mm. Don't know how I feel about—still want you to try."

"Okay," Caitlyn kissed the curve of her brow, remarkably sweet and gentle, considering what she was doing. "It might help if you touch your clit while I do this. Just. I like it more that way."

"Whatever you say, cupcake." Her own calluses on herself were, at least, familiar.

She was correct in that it felt better that way, especially once Caitlyn got the angle of the toy shifted so it was situated more naturally inside her. There was a slight upward bend to it which meant that when Caitlyn rocked it inside her, it felt particularly fantastic, pressing up against the best spot.

"Yes?" Caitlyn asked.

Vi nodded furiously. "Mm!"

She continued to touch herself, upping her own pace while the toy buzzed steadily inside her, quick flicks of Caitlyn's wrist fucking her good. It didn't reach too deep, it didn't stretch her enough that it hurt, it was just all pleasure, bound up in the heart-stoppingly beautiful way Caitlyn was looking at her.

"You know," Caitlyn said, "when I use this on myself, it's remarkably difficult to balance a rhythm with both hands. I'll bet it's much simpler when you've got someone else doing half the work for you."

Vi did not respond, although she was sure this was true. She was busy feeling the way her cunt spasmed around the thickest part of the toy, the way it almost drew all the way out of her when Caitlyn pulled back. Caitlyn

was merciless, really fucking her out, and Vi was going to come before she even got a chance to turn the power up on the vibrator.

She couldn't help her usual habit of gritting her teeth and keeping completely silent as she came, the only telltale sign being her uneven breath.

Caitlyn recognized the way she was squirming well enough that she stilled her hand, but even then, the vibrations thrumming through her newly sensitive body were absolutely too much.

"Fuck. Turn. That off."

Caitlyn did, then said, "I'm going to take it out," and at Vi's nod, slid it free. Vi had the dizzying thought that they had both come on this thing. "Are you alright?"

"Fuck, princess, what the shit makes you think I'm anything but *fantastic*?" Vi asked. "That was amazing."

"You're not very expressive when you come," Caitlyn said.

"Mm. I'm sure you can warm me up to it," she said. She only realized after the fact that she was insinuating this would happen again.

"You are indeed loud at every other possible moment," Caitlyn said. She slipped out of bed and into the bathroom, and Vi heard the tap on the sink run as she cleaned off the toy and her hands. Vi should probably wash up, too. But she felt like falling asleep.

"Did I help you relax?" Vi asked, immensely grateful when Caitlyn returned with a wet cloth, and Vi didn't have to get up. She let it plop onto the marble when she was done, and Caitlyn did not seem to mind.

"Absolutely," she said, tucking the toy back in its drawer. "I might even sleep for a few hours."

"Mission accomplished, then." Vi tugged her shorts and her tank back on because she felt weird lying naked in the bed and she would feel weirder

naked under the covers. Caitlyn followed suit, pulling her nightdress back over her head.

Once both of them were tucked in, Caitlyn turned to face her, just like she had hours before in the golden time before twilight settled in. “Whatever happens with the council tomorrow...”

“Go to sleep. Don’t. If you talk about that, all that tension’s gonna come right back.”

“I suppose you are correct.”

Vi brushed Caitlyn’s hair from her face once more.

“G’night, cupcake.”

“Goodnight, darling,” Caitlyn said, and the endearment didn’t sound anything like a joke, which was absolutely going to keep Vi up all night.

What the hell had she just gotten herself into?

### **Author’s Note:**

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